RURAL TOPICS.

Some Practical Suggestions for Our Agricultural Readers.

The best time to prune grapes is immediately after the first frost, or as soon as the leaves fall. Many growers leave this operation till February or later, a practice which close observation would soon reject. It is frequently stated that all periods are equally good, from the fall of the leaves until leaves appear in spring. If the plant remained perfectly dormant during the interval between these periods, the advice would possibly be correct, but as plants continue to assimilate and add to their vitality to some extent, even when destitute of leaves, the time for pruning has much effect upon the future of the plant. During the winter plants continue to absorb by their roots, and the buds on their branches increase in size and gain additional strength for spring growth; therefore, when pruning is contemplated it should be performed during the fall, so that the buds upon the branches retained may have the full benefit of the winter's accumulation. This is easily demonstrated, and any growers who are doubtful may acquaint themselves of the difference by selecting plants and pruning a portion of them early in the fall and another portion late in spring, then mark the difference in the earliness and strength of growth. A difference of from one to two weeks will be found in the ripening of the fruit on grape-vines pruned at these different seasons. Another point of much future importance is that of protecting the plant. Wherever the thermometer reaches down to zero, it will be profitable to cut the vines from their supports, lay them on the ground, and cover with a thin coating of earth or manure; the object is to protect them from the drying, frosty winds.

BEST SEASON FOR CUTTING WOOD.

We make the following extracts from an article contributed to the Massachusetts *Ploughman* by Mr. Edmund Hersey: "Having spent a considerable portion of my life in cutting, seasoning, and working woods of different kinds, sometimes to the extent of nearly 1,000 cords a year, I very naturally take a deep interest in all that pertains to this subject, and while I do not claim that this long experince is any better, if as good, as theories of scientific men, I desire to state what I have found to be true in practice. My business was such that it usually compelled me to cut wood at all seasons of the year; and the business was also of a character to thoroughly test the quality of the wood cut at the different seasons. For strength, beauty and durability, I have found August, September and October to be the best, and February, March and April to be the worst months to cut wood. The reason why this is so I do not claim to be wise enough to fully explain. A red maple cut in September will keep in a round log perfectly white and sound until the next August; while one cut in March will begin to blacken and decay by the middle or last of June. Gray birch cut in September will keep in good condition until the next September, if left in the woods cut in four-feet lengths. While if cut in March and left in the same way it will be nearly worthless by the first of August; at least such is the result on my land. White pine, like the red maple, keeps white much longer if cut in September than if cut in March, and is not injured by the worms as much. I do not pretend to be scientific enough to explain fully why this is so, but I am quite positive that in practice it proves so. I have found wood which is dried slowly in a cool place is better than that which is dried quickly in the hot sun, even though cut in the summer. May this not, in a measure, account for wood being better cut in the autumn, it having the long cold, winter to dry in?"

GREEN MANURING.

The following notes are taken from the recently-issued report of the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia:

"The hope of Georgia rests in the restoration of the productive capacity of her worn soils by some means so cheap as to be within the reach of the humblest landholder. The teachings of science and the experience of the cultivators of the soil for nineteen centuries point to the use of the leguminous plants as the surest and cheapest means of restoring worn soils to the condition of profitable productiveness. In more northern latitudes the farmer feels assured of the restoration of his soil when a crop of clover is secured. We have the field pea, with which we commence lower down in the scale than those who depend upon clover, from the fact that peas will grow well upon soils which have neither the character nor the quality to produce clover at all.

"Let every farmer in Georgia determine to adopt, as a part of his rotation of crops, the largest possible area in peas, following small grain for soil improvement. Let him each fall carefully harvest and set aside enough seed peas to sow the area devoted to small grain. The general adoption of this system would quadruple the production of the State in ten years. Experience teaches that it matters not whether the pea vines are turned in in a green state or left to decay upon the surface of the ground, so that no one need to be deterred from adopting this means of soil improvement on account of the cost or difficulty of plowing in the vines."

COVERING PLANTS IN WINTER.

We occasionally see the opinion expressed that hardy plants need no protection during winter; that the strawberry, for instance, "is naturally as hardy as many other plants that require no protection at all;" and so with other cultivated plants, which is, to a certain extent, true enough, and if nothing further was cared for than the mere existence of the plant, it would not greatly matter whether it was protected or not. But it should be kept in mind that the best varieties of our fruit-bearing plants have been far removed from the natural condition of their ancestors, and have acquired artificial qualities, as it were, by careful cultivation, and which can only be maintained by constant attention. If neglected, they will soon show the ordinary result of negligence, and it is only by giving all the care and judicious attention which the best experience suggests that they can develop their profit and usefulness. But it is also a common observation that a good practice may be rendered nugatory by injudicious application.

FERTILE SOILS.

It is a well-known fact that the most successful farmers and gardeners pay but little, if any, attention to the teachings of chemists in the matter of the management of soils. Chemists have shown that plants contain certain inorganic constituents in their composition, and that, in the absence of these ingredients in the soil, plants cannot prosper. Cultivators have learned that rich land is the kind of land they require to produce good results, and further, that rich land is only made by the constant application of organic matter, which they find most convenient in the material known as stable manure. They also have learned that the richest soil will not be reliable unless it is in a proper condition, physically, with regard to water. Wet soil, it is well known, is not a profitable soil to cultivate, hence artificial draining was found necessary, together with a proper pulverizing of the land. It cannot be disputed that the best returns from the soil are secured by those who act in accordance with the above-mentioned factors.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

A Digest of Information Collected From Various Sources.

SMALL CROPS FOR PROFIT.

The *American Cultivator* says that above all things else it is necessary that there be a general understanding that large crops are always proportionately more profitable than small crops; that within certain limits a given amount of products can be grown more cheaply on five acres than on ten. When this fact is properly appreciated the popular craze to secure more land will be abated, and better culture of fewer acres will take the place of the present system of half-tillage over large acres.

TO QUIET HORSES.

Obstinate and vicious horses, by having their attention removed from the object on which their mind is bent, can be made much more tractible than they otherwise would be. Some are very difficult to shoe, showing a disposition to bite and kick whenever the shoer touches them. A few grains of the ethereal oil of parsley dropped on a handkerchief and placed before the nose of the horse, it is said, never fails to quiet his irritable disposition, and makes him, for the time being, perfectly manageable.

HOW TO GET EGGS.

The knack of getting a supply of eggs, summer and winter, is to keep the pullets of the early spring and summer hatch. Feed them all they will eat up clean of the best and most nutricious and egg-producing food, with such simple condiments as pepper, ginger, or mustard, to stimulate them. Kill off the hens before they moult in their second year, and keep none but young hens. Of course, under this system of forcing for egg production and flesh, there is no valid objection, as it is not intended that their eggs should be set.—Ex.

TREE-PLANTING.

Mr. John Bryant, of Elkhorn, Nebraska, says there is no better crop than trees. In 1860 he sowed a pound of locust seed; in 10 years, and ever since, he has been selling posts and wood; when the trees are cut down they are reproduced. Walnuts of his own planting already yield a profit. He has sold 1,500 posts at 18 cents each. He reports that since the prairie fires have ceased burr oaks spring up spontaneously on the bluffs. The success with the locust on this farm, and their escape from the borers, are attributed to the presence of great numbers of the red-headed woodpecker.

REARING COLTS.

The essentials for a well-broken colt are a good mouth, good carriage, and good manners. None of these can be made in a hurry, requiring time, patience, and good hands. You will get vicious, stubborn, excitable, and nervous colts, all requiring somewhat different treatment to properly break them. To do it well requires experience. If you send them to the breaker, beware of the man who cannot control his temper, or he will ruin your high-couraged colt.—*Rural.*

VALUE OF CORN-COBS.

Few farmers stop to consider, writes the editor of the *Cultivator*, how much of fertilizing matter is annually wasted about the farm, nor the expense incurred in purchasing the same materials in other forms. Thus in the apparently insignificant matter of corn-cobs is an item worth saving. If the accumulation of corn-cobs were gathered up and thrown into the hog-pen, they would, by the next spring, be reduced to manure. It has been estimated in the corn-cobs grown in this country last year were upwards of two hundred thousand pounds of potash.

PEACH YELLOWS.

The *Gardener's Monthly* says: "Let the laundry folks on every wash day pour the boiling hot soap-suds about the roots of peach trees. This will destroy the insidious little fungus which produces the 'yellows' and other diseases, and finish the larvæ of insects which are so injurious to the trees."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Our Agricultural Editor's Weekly Chat With His Readers.

"My ice-house is sixteen feet square, and sixteen feet in depth—ten feet below the surface of the ground, and six feet above. The bottom is a porous gravel. The sides underground are lined with boards, and above the surface they are double boarded, and the space between the boardings filled with sawdust. The pit is covered over with tongue-and-grooved boards, so as to be perfectly tight, and over this comes the roof, which is shingled outside and closely boarded inside. Now, although this seems to be a very complete house, I cannot get ice after about the middle of August; it seems to melt rapidly away during July and August. I would be thankful for any suggestions you may have about the principles of construction of my house, or how it can be improved."—John S. Howser, Pa. *Ans.:* The one thing wanting is ventilation. Cut a hole three feet square through the centre of the ceiling; then raise the roof so as to procure ventilating space between the roof and ceiling and the outer air. Supposing the roof was raised eight inches above the ceiling and supported at the corners only, this eight-inch depth of opening on each of the four sides, covered with lattice-work or wide-meshed wire screening, would allow ventilation, and so preserve the ice.

"I am about planting a border of shrubbery in my flower garden, and would be grateful if you would name a list of the twelve best kinds of hardy flowering shrubs suitable for the position."—Mrs. Mary M., Montgomery co., Md. *Ans.:* We could perhaps reply to this request more satisfactorily if we knew the position and extent of the border. The following are medium-sized kinds: *Deutzia gracilis, Deutzia crenata fl. plena, Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora, Hypericum Kalmianum, Weigelia rosea, Forsythia viridissima, Cydonia Japonica, Calycanthus floridus, Spiræa Reevesiana, Magnolia purpurea, Exochordia grandiflora and Viburnum opulus.* If the border is ten feet in width, or more, the following larger growing sorts will prove suitable; *Styrax Japonica, Chionanthus Virginica, Magnolia Leune, Syringa vulgaris, Cornus mascula variegata,* and *Colutea frutescens.* A few plants of *Yucca filamentosa* will add greatly to the interest and beauty of the shrubs.

"The past season has been prolific of all kinds of insects and grubs, and among other casualties I have had to lament the appearance of several elm trees on my place; these have twice been stripped of their leaves this past summer. What can be done to prevent future attacks?" *Ans.:* Get a barrel of water, in which place a couple of tablespoonfuls of Paris green; procure a small, portable force pump, and while one person is stirring the water in order to disseminate the poison, let another person shower it over the tree through the pump. This will stop the leaf eaters.

"Dora, Salem, N. J." We can best reply to your inquiry by stating that you can readily detect the poison ivy from the Virginia creeper by the distinction of their leaves. They are very similar in many respects, but the poison ivy has three leaves on a stalk and the Virginia creeper has five.

Abraham Marks, whose name is familiar to all readers of Uncle Tom's Cabin as "Marks, the lawyer," was committed to jail in New York City for striking another lawyer in open court.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Home, and How to Make It Beautiful and Happy.

Miss Emily Faithfull lectured in New York last Friday evening on "The Changed Position of Women in the Nineteenth Century." Among other things, she said: "The great need of the time is proper employment for woman. Gradually those forms of industry best suited to her have been usurped by man and the machinery he controls. As long as the spinning wheel buzzed by the fireside, woman could find employment at home. But the situation has changed, and hard necessity has driven woman from the retreat of the home circle. She is found doing some of the roughest, hardest, most laborious work. It is but recently that Parliament interfered to take thousands of women from the collieries. Fifty thousand women hawk fish and vegetables in Great Britain, and thousands drudge out their lives at agricultural labor. In hundreds of factories women are employed at work harder than that done by the men in the same establishments. In the porcelain factories of Staffordshire women are forbidden to use hand rests, and are thus prevented from turning out work comparing with that of the men. Throughout the entire field of labor woman in England is debarred from competing with man in the lucrative branches. Is it not silly to tell her that her proper place is the home circle, in the face of woman's excess of five per cent. over the number of men? Unless we adopt Mormonism we must allow her to support herself. To-day there are 80,000 English governesses who can save nothing against the demands of age and want, and hundreds work for food and lodgings alone. The only way to work a radical cure for this crying evil is to begin at home. Let mothers see that their girls are thoroughly trained in some trade or profession. Skilled labor, whether at the loom or at the easel or in the myriad branches of industry, will afford a livelihood. Every one of the daughters in the English royal family is taught a trade. Woman only wants a man's training to assume a man's responsibilities."

SUNLIGHT ON ALL SIDES OF THE HOUSE.

Says Mr. I. H. Stearns in the *Century* for December: "There is one subject of great importance, from a sanitary point of view, that, so far as my knowledge goes, has received little attention. Why is it that, in placing a house or plotting a Western town, village, or city, so much pains is taken, such sacrifices of local characteristics often made, to have the street lines conform to the cardinal points of the compass? A moment's reflection would show that every building intended for a residence, if it is rectangular, should never be placed, as it almost uniformly is, so that the rooms on the southern aspect are sweltering with mid-day heat while those on the north are molding for the want of the sun's rays, but should be placed diagonally with reference to the cardinal points, or with one corner to the east to receive the sun on two sides in the forenoon, and the diagonally opposite corner to the west, that the other two sides may get the benefit of the afternoon sun. So situated, there would be no disagreeable north side to the house, and at noon, the hottest part of the day, the sun's rays would not be beating directly upon the walls of the building. It would be excellent to plot a new town according to the same plan, since in the heat of the day there would always be a shady side to every street; also the glare toward sunset on an east and west avenue would be avoided. Perhaps tradition has something to do with the fact that nearly all new towns are laid out as they are, because, forsooth, King Solomon erected a house 'north and south'; but his temple was so placed that 'the sun at its meridian height could dart no rays of light into the north part thereof,' as the north was considered 'a place of darkness.'

"The advantages of sunlight in a hygienic view are very great, and the disadvantages of living on the north side are fully appreciated."

TRIUMPHS OF THE CULINARY ART.

All the culinary talent and genius of New York city was present in the Teutonia Assembly Rooms, in Third Avenue, N. Y., recently, where the New York Board of Pastry Cooks gave its grand annual ball. In the apartment to the right of the dressing hall there was displayed, upon a square of tables covered with glossy damask, samples of the achievements of the members of the association which fairly raised cookery to a fine art. The first table supported two samples of the humbler manufactures of the kitchen—two large loaves of bread, one a plain French loaf, eight feet long, the other a French twist ten feet in extent. The other tables were crowded with fancy pastry and confectionery of every conceivable style and description, most of which was manufactured by the chief cooks of the different hotels. There were fruit cakes ornamented with life-like and life-size fruits in colored sugars; candy castles on the peaks of taffy mountains, with sugar deer grazing below on green confectionery foliage; wonderful and intricately-conceived pyramids of colored sugar; landscapes done in confectionery, and a hundred and one other designs of the same character. One of the finest pieces of fancy work was a pure white horse-shoe, which was studded with silver nails of enameled sugar, and was otherwise adorned with intricate ornamentation of white sugar. The curve contained a large cluster of Malaga grapes—a perfect imitation of nature. Another design represented a perpendicular horseshoe of white sugar; in the arch a silver marriage bell was hung, beneath which a bridal couple stood. A unique group was a cats' party in white sugar, in which was represented a group of cats at a dinner-table, others wandering arm in arm in a sugar-grove, in which still others lounged about in various attitudes. There was a fancy basket and cover, all of lacquered work in white sugar. At 10 o'clock the band in the ball-room struck up a merry tune, and the 200 cooks and bakers seized each his wife, his daughter, his mother-in-law, or his sweetheart, and was whirled into the mazes of a waltz, which was followed by a quadrille and a polka, and by another waltz, and more polkas and quadrilles. At midnight the dancing was stopped long enough to adjourn to the room below, where long rows of tables were spread with delicacies of expert manufacture, and where each baker and cook, to a man, proved himself appreciative as well as creative.

HOW TO SLEEP.

The only true way for one to sleep, as regards the position of the mouth, is to have it closed. Nature has designed the nostrils as the breathing passage for man and beast. If you will observe the animals around you, you will notice that when quiet the mouth is closed. Breathing with the mouth open not only introduces the air too abruptly to the lungs, but also affects the condition of the membranes of the mouth and alters the constitution of the secretions. One who sleeps with the mouth open, generally awakens with a dry, parched, disagreeable sensation, which does not wear away very quickly.

THE QUALITIES OF PERFUMES.

A Paris actress avers that each perfume has its special moral and physical qualities, which—so far as her observations have gone—she states as follows: Musk predisposes to sensibility and amiability; rose, to audacity, avarice, and pride; geranium, to tenderness; violet, to mysticism and piety; benzoin, to dreams, poetry, and inconstancy; mint and verbena, to a taste for the beautiful arts; camphor, to stupidity and brutality; Russia leather, to indolence; while ylang-ylang is the most dangerous of all.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

Very handsome fans are shown this season. Novelties are ornamented with stuffed birds; specimens in curled ostrich feathers have a parrakeet or some other bright-colored bird fixed on, with the head reposing on the sticks and the tail upwards. A bird of Paradise is placed on one side of a fan, composed of curled cream feathers. Humming-birds nestle among the ostrich feathers on pretty fans, while in some instances birds are painted on the fans, large birds, such as a golden pheasant or a peacock, covering the entire surface. Some fans, upon which are painted birds, have the details filled in with tiny colored feathers, matching nature as nearly as possible; the feathers are delicately gummed on to the silk surface. Red quill feathers, as well as the tips, are made into hand-fans with gold sticks, to hold before the fire; they are oval in shape, and quite large.

The London *Truth* gives this description of "quite the prettiest dress" seen at the Lord Mayor's last ball: "The white satin front was arranged in sweet little puffings, over which fell flounces of imitation old Valenciennes, and under each puffing there was some exquisite embroidery of pearls and beads on net, edged with fringe to match. The bodice, paniers, and train were of pink brocaded satin, a lovely shade, draped most exquisitely, and also trimmed with Valenciennes. The sleeves were of similar lace, and just turned the elbow, where they were finished off with lace edging. The square neck had a tucker of Honiton, and the lady wore a pearl necklace, which went beautifully with the trimming. Evelyn quite coveted her *sortie de bal*, which was of white brocaded satin, lined with pink, and edged with ivory marabout feather trimming.

Mirrors framed in plush or in brass are conspicuous among holiday goods.

An elephant's head in brass, enclosing an inkstand, is an odd conceit in metal work.

THE KITCHEN.

Rice Waffles.—Beat three eggs very light; stir into them two cups of flour, adding gradually a quart of boiled milk, cooling it before using, then add a pint of cold, soft-boiled rice, with a tablespoonful of butter stirred in while the rice is hot, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a cup of good yeast. Set the batter in a warm place five or six hours to rise.

Hominy Cakes.—Boil two cups of fine hominy very soft, stir in a tablespoonful of butter, and salt to taste; add an equal quantity of cornmeal and three well-beaten eggs; beat well together; add a sufficient quantity of milk to make a thin batter. Bake on a griddle or in waffle-irons. One quarter of a compressed yeast-cake makes a good substitute for eggs. Let the batter stand an hour to rise.

New Year's Cookies.—One half pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pint of buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus in half a cup of hot water. Mix the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the milk and saleratus. Beat three eggs and add half a grated nutmeg and a tablespoonful of caraway seed. Add flour enough to make it of a consistency to roll out in layers half an inch in thickness. Cut into small cakes and bake immediately in a quick open.

Cream Pudding.—Stir together one pint of cream, three ounces of sugar, the yolks of three eggs and a little grated nutmeg; add the well-beaten whites, stirring lightly, and pour into a buttered pie-plate on which has been sprinkled the crumbs of stale bread to about the thickness of an ordinary crust; sprinkle over the top a layer of bread-crumbs and bake.

French Cake.—One cup of powdered sugar, half a cup of butter beaten to a light cream, two and half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted with the flour, one cup of milk, four eggs; flavor to the taste, add the milk and a part of the flour to the beaten cream, then the beaten yelks of the eggs and the remainder of the flour; whip the whites of the eggs and stir in. Bake in a square tin pan. Before pouring in the baking-pan add a wineglass of sherry.

Ragout of Rabbits.—These little animals require much care and attention in dressing and washing, and should lie in salted water a half hour before cooking, and the water in which they are first immured should be poured off and replaced with clean boiling water, only enough to cover them. Sprinkle in a teaspoonful of salt, some blades of mace, a few rounds of minced onion and one slice of salt pork cut in small pieces. When the rabbits are cooked pour off some of the broth, add a cup of cream, a spoonful of butter blended with a spoonful of flour, a little grated nutmeg, and half a tumbler of port wine; simmer a few minutes, place the rabbits on a platter, pour over some of the gravy, serve hot, garnish the dish with parsley.

A Butter Bill Ballot.

A man who lives in Plymouth, Conn., voted his butter bill at the recent election. After the bill had been deposited the mistake came to light. The man was then allowed to drop in his ballot, which ballot elected the Representative in that Legislative district.

Trouble Spares Not Any Age.

[*From the Hour.*]

Thoughtless people, who imagine that girlhood is free from the cares and anxieties of mature years, will be surprised to know that the springtime of existence also complains of its trials and petty miseries. "My sister is called more jolly and good-natured than I," said sweet 16 to her friend, "but then she has none of my troubles. Her hair curls naturally and is never out of crimp in the worst fog imaginable, and when exposed to the sun she burns a fashionable terra cotta color, of a tender shade, with little or no red in it.

"We Runned Away."

Two little rascally darlings, they stood,
Hand clasped in hand, and eyes full of glee,
Stock-still in the midst of the crowded street,
Naughty as ever children could be.

Horses to right of them, horses to left,
Men hurrying breathless to and fro,
Nobody stopping to wonder at them,
Nobody there with a right to know.

Oh, what a chance for a full truant joy!
Earth holds no other equal delight.
Hark! it is over—a shriek fills the air,
A woman's face flashes pallid white:

"O babies! whose are you! How came you here?"
The busy street halts aghast, at bay;
Serene smile the infants, as heavenly clear
They both speak together: "We runned away!"

The crowd and the bustle swayed on again,
The babies were safe and had lost their fun;
And we who saw felt a secret pain,
Half envy of what the babies had done;

And said in our hearts, Alack! if we tell
The truth, and the whole truth, we must say,
We never get now so good a time
As we used to have when "we runned away."

—*H. H., in December Wide Awake.*

PRISON EXPERIENCES.

Little Red Cap's Account of the Defeat of the Andersonville Raiders.

[*Continued from last week.*]

Sergeant Key proceeded with great secrecy in the work of organization. He accepted none but Western men, and, in order that Wirz might not mistake for an outbreak any unusual commotion within the stockade, he acquainted the commandant with his plan. Wirz appeared to approve of the movement, but I have often thought that he would not have cared very much if the raiders had come off victorious, and all the inmates of the prison had been slain in the struggle. I remember that on the evening of the day when the raiders were at last overpowered and the ring-leaders placed under arrest, he seemed to be quite elated over what he characterized "the terrible battle which the Yankees had had among themselves."

Notwithstanding Sergeant Key's efforts to keep his plans secret, information of what was going on somehow reached the raiders. They discussed the scheme at their headquarters, and at last decided that Key must be put out of the way, and they accordingly detailed three men for the work.

The assassins called on Key at his tent on the evening of the second of July about dusk. They told him that they had heard of his scheme, and asked whether he proposed to carry it out. He replied that he did, whereupon they drew a knife and billy with the intention of putting an end to him then and there. Fortunately for Key, however, he was not unprepared. One of the prisoners from Plymouth, North Carolina, had managed to secrete in his knapsack a revolver which Key had procured and wore on his person. The moment, therefore, that the raiders drew their weapons he covered them with the pistol, and they beat a precipitate retreat. This incident created a great stir in the stockade as soon as it became known; and the impending battle between the raiders and the "Regulators," as Key's organization was called, was the talk of the whole stockade.

The attack on Sergeant Key precipitated matters. The sergeant realized that no time was to be lost, and he sent word that very evening to all the members of his society—the regulators—to be ready for action in the morning. Very few of those within the stockade slept that night. The regulators were apprehensive that the raiders would attempt to break up their plans by making a desperate attack in force on Key's squad, for the purpose of assassinating both him and his aide, Limber Jim. To guard against surprise, several hunded men held themselves in readiness all night to come to his assistance.

The raiders, on their part, were very confident of success, although they were not totally oblivious of the dangers of the situation. They placed a strong guard about their headquarters, and took every precaution against a surprise. The night was spent by them in revelry. They sang hilarious songs, and howled themselves hoarse. When morning came the regulators mustered at their headquarters, and then marched to the place on the south side of the stockade where our rations were usually issued. They were armed with small clubs, secured to their wrists by a string.

Outside the stockade the alarm was even greater than within. Wirz ordered his infantry drawn up in line of battle, the fuses were thrust into the touch-holes of the cannon, and the cannoneers stood ready with the lanyards in their hands. A single volley of grape and canister would have mowed down thousands. The majority of the prisoners did not belong to either the raiders or regulators, and they naturally assembled where they could get the best view of the encounter which was about to take place.

THE RAIDERS DEFEATED.

The headquarters of the raiders was at the centre of the southern slope, and there they awaited the attack. When the order to move was given by Sergeant Key, he, with Limber Jim, led the advance of the regulators. A silence like that of death seemed to have fallen upon the stockade. It was as though everybody was holding his breath. At least fifteen or twenty thousand prisoners were unwilling spectators of the scene.

As the regulators advanced, the raiders massed themselves in a strong line, with the most desperate of their leaders at the front. It was impossible to compute their number, for the reason that it could not be told where their line ended and the mass of spectators began. Not a blow was exchanged until the men came to close quarters, and then a desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued. The men clinched with each other, and fought tooth and nail for the mastery. Blows from fist and club fell like hail, and for several minutes the struggling lines swayed backward and forward without either side apparently having gained any decided advantage. At last, however, the regulators made a final charge and drove back the line of the raiders broken and shattered. Their victory was complete. The raiders took to their heels and sought safety in flight. As they did so, a great yell of delight went up from the stockade, and was answered by the regulators.

The feeling of relief on all sides was intense, and for the first time in the history of the prison there was something like a jubilee. As soon as the raiders withdrew from the field, Key ordered his men not to attempt a pursuit; he knew perfectly well that the raiders could not escape from the stockade, and could be arrested in detail at his leisure. A few prisoners, however, were picked up on the field and carefully guarded.

During the progress of the battle the time for rations had arrived, and, as usual, the wagon containing the bread and mush had been driven up to the gates. Wirz, however, was so badly scared that he would not permit them to enter, although Sergeant Key did his best to reassure him and convince him that there was no danger that the men would try to force the gates. The result was that the wagons stood in the hot sun until the mush, with which they were loaded, fermented and had to be thrown away, and the prisoners were compelled to go supperless to bed.

Some of my readers may wonder how it come about that the regulators did not have the active assistance and support of the whole prison in their brief struggle to put down the raiders. There were several reasons why they stood aloof. In the first place a great majority of the new-comers did not understand the situation; they had only been confined for some three or four weeks, and were not aware that the outrages which had been committed upon them were solely the work of the raiders; and, indeed, the latter's activity and audacity were such as to create the impression that fully one-half of the able-bodied men of the stockade were engaged in these depredations, whereas, as a matter of fact, I do not think they ever numbered, including all their spies and accomplices, more than five hundred men. Besides, these new arrivals, outside of their own little circle, scarcely knew who was friend or foe. They were organized into little squads from every regiment at the front, from along the whole line from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and they were not in a position to discriminate intelligently between the law-abiding and lawless among their comrades.

HUNTING DOWN THE RAIDERS.

Sergeant Key prosecuted the work of arresting the raiders with great activity all day long on the 4th of July. The raiders occasionally made a show of fierce resistance, but the defeat which they had sustained on the day previous had destroyed their prestige, and they were no longer confident of their strength. Those who had boldly followed the lead of these desperadoes so long as no one dared to resist them, now deserted them, and thought themselves lucky to find a hiding place for themselves. Indeed the raiders had become very much scattered, and, whenever they could, mingled with the crowds in other parts of the prison, hoping thereby to escape detection. They were almost all recognized, however, and their whereabouts reported to Sergeant Key, who would at once send a squad to arrest them. On several occasions they managed to collect enough of their followers to beat off the squads, but the latter were soon re-enforced and made short work of the raiders. The latter's tents were torn down and pillaged, and the blankets, tents and cooking utensils carried off for spoils. The ground on which the tents stood was also dug over in the search for secreted treasure, and gold pens, knives, rings, watches, chains, &c.,—the booty of many a successful raid,—were unearthed.

Naturally these discoveries gave a great impetus to the work of detecting and arresting the fugitive raiders, and even the rebels came in with a squad, equipped with spades, to dig for hidden treasures. It was claimed at the time that the skeleton of a victim of William Collins, alias "Mosby," who was a leader of the raiders, was found beneath his tent.

THE TRIAL.

By dusk, on the 4th of July, Sergeant Key had captured more than one hundred of the raiders and confined them, pending trial, in a small stockade, which formed the entrance to the south gate, and which Wirz had permitted him to use for that purpose. The next thing in order was to bring the men to trial and punishment. A court-martial, composed of thirteen sergeants, chosen from the latest arrivals of prisoners, who would be likely to have the least prejudice against the raiders, was thereupon organized, and the trial began with all the formality of a legal procedure. One of the sergeants was selected as president of the court, and Peter Bradley, who was suspected of having belonged to the raiders, was allowed to conduct the defence. There was a cloud of witnesses to the outrages committed by the raiders, but the latter were allowed to cross-examine freely. At first some difficulty was experienced in inducing some of those who had suffered most severely at the hands of the desperadoes to testify. They were fearful that those still at large would attempt to assassinate them if they gave evidence against their accomplices. Some, indeed, refused to go before the court except at night, when they could conceal their movement from the raiders. There was, however, no lack of legal testimony. Thousands had been assaulted and robbed, and the identification was full and complete. The trial lasted several days, and resulted in a large number of the raiders being sentenced to run the gauntlet, or to wear a ball and chain, and the following six to be hanged:

John Sarsfield, 144th N. Y. vols.

William Collins, alias "Mosby," Co. D, 88th Pa. vols.

Charles Curtis, Co. A, 5th R. I. Artillery.

Patrick Delaney, Co. E, 33d Pa.

A. Muir, U. S. Navy.

Thomas Sullivan, 77th N. Y. vols.

The names and regiments, however, are of little consequence, for they were all professional bounty-jumpers, and were in the habit of leaving their regiments just as soon as they could find the opportunity to desert and join another. Those who had been sentenced to wear a ball and chain were sent to the stockade at once, and the irons, which were the same that were used by the rebels as a punishment for attempts on the part of the prisoners to escape, were fitted on them.

Commandant Wirz soon became tired, however, of guarding the prisoners that had been arrested by Key, and he ordered that all, with the exception of those who were under sentence of death, should be turned back into the stockade. The news spread like wild-fire within the prison, and the men were so enraged—especially those who had suffered at the hands of the raiders—that they determined to take the law into their own hands.

An angry mob soon gathered about the south gate. The men, armed with clubs, formed in parallel lines, facing each other, sullenly awaited the arrival of the culprits. At last the wicket opened and the raiders were forced, one at a time, through it, at the point of the bayonet. As each man entered he was told to run for his life, and you may be sure he did. As the raiders passed by every man in the two lines struck at them with clubs; in fact, the blows fairly rained down upon them. Their only hope of escape was in breaking through the lines, and even this was a desperate chance. Three of them were beaten to death in running the gauntlet.

[*To be continued.*]

Not the Right Rooster.

Hearing the owner approach, a boy chicken thief at Providence, R. I., mounted one of the poles where the fowls were roosting, and tried to pass in the darkness for a chicken. He was caught, because the feathered occupants of the roost kept cackling.

SONGS OF THE CAMP.

Sherman's March to the Sea.

Our camp-fires shown bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Chorus.

Then sang we a song of our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea;
And the stars of our banner shown brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea!
Then sang we a song, etc.

Then forward, boys! forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
We stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw frowned in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standard,
And Sherman marched on to the sea!
Then sang we a song, etc.

Still onward we pressed till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor-flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea!
Then sang we a song, et

Oh, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
But to-day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we the song of our chieftain,
That echoed over river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shown brighter
When Sherman camped down by the sea!